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THOSE WHO LEAVE US.

Over in Arizona they are starting a campaign to solicit help in advancing that territory from Arizonans who have gone elsewhere to reside. The idea may be all right in Arizona, but we question it here. In this territory it would be useless, since there is no one ever leaves New Mexico who can help it. The few who are forced to take up their abode elsewhere generally go to the angels in the clouds above, and while their prayers may help us in a spiritual sort of way they are supposed to be living in a state superior to ours and nothing they might say for our glorious sun-shine and pure mountain air would do any good.

IT IS TOO SERIOUS.

The persistency of the "hot ways" in the middle west and throughout the eastern states takes on the proportions of a tremendous tragedy. We who look on from our cool distance at the enactment of the drama see day by day ourself before our eyes scenes of death and suffering and loss projected on almost a continental scale. It is, indeed, a calamity upon which, ourselves unmindful, we are compelled to gaze in helplessness.

We have heard that residents of Arizona have been called to a lower altitude and have sent back for their blankets. Doubtless those former citizens of our neighboring territory could give their home communities some advertising, but the class of immigrants they would be likely to attract would not be of the best and Arizona could not expect to develop much under their domination.

But, as above said, the plan might work all right over in Arizona, but it would be no good here. There is only one place besides New Mexico where any resident of this territory ever goes and is satisfied. It is a place for which all are supposed to be striving. Here and there when Arizonans hear of R. G. Donnelly's loss of them will drift there by slow stages, but until that time Arizona will likely keep soliciting advertising from her departed citizens in other climes. If she gets results, and is satisfied, we wish her well, but as for ourselves the plan has no appealing qualities. New Mexico does not care to advertise those lines.

MEXICO AGAIN.

If the past in Mexico did not loom so strongly before us, we might induce ourselves into believing that peace had actually been restored in the republic. But in the past it was impossible, as every newspaper man knows, to get a newspaper dispatch out of the republic that had not been censored, edited, and generally distorted in favor of the handful of politicians who conduct the affairs of that unhappy republic in the interests of certain strong combinations of capital and semi-aristocracy.

It may, of course, be possible that nothing but the iron hand can rule Mexico. But after the experience this country has had in Cuba and the Philippines where the people were less civilized and less accustomed to the modern customs, it will be hard to convince this nation that Mexico cannot be administered in peace and happiness.

These street car strike mobs in the federal district are much more militant than appears by reading the average newspaper report, if the past is a criterion. Moreover, there are doubtless dissensions and open warfare in several other remote parts of the southern republic.

One reason for this condition of affairs is plain at this time, a mounting rebellion against Diaz. The chief argument of his enemies was that the people would be relieved from the vicious and oppressive methods of his regime. The people knew nothing of the higher order of political life in Mexico. They judged the Diaz regime by the amount of road, clothing and wages they received and by my other means. Well fed, half clothed and scarcely paid, the average resident of Mexico is a peaceful, contented sort of a citizen. The average Mexican is not an agitator and he prefers peaceful employment to war at almost any cost. But conditions had reached a point in Mexico where the average citizen was little less than a slave. He had nothing to eat most of the time, he worked at starvation wages when he could get work and he went to jail and the plantations of the rich land owners for the most trivial of offenses.

This same individual was not of the stuff of which slaves were made. He thought and felt like all humans and belonged for the day when conditions

would be different. Under the Diaz standard he was told that he could hope for relief and changes immediately. He took arms and risked his life in the fight for enough to eat, enough to wear and decent pay. At all odds he is entitled to what he fought for since he made a winning fight.

It was the gold of Mexico and his fellow congenerous Americans that made victory possible, but all the gold in Mexico now is not going to keep this nation together. Either the new regime in Mexico must make good its promises and relieve the conditions that made rebellion possible or it must go Diaz one better and rule with a hand of iron. In that event it would appear that so far as the average Mexican is concerned he has but jumped from the frying pan into the fire.

There are somevaling emigrants in Mexico still from the late rebellion, and any passing breeze will fan their into flames.

White the leaders in Mexico are maneuvering for political advantage, none are parading in the capital on wages of a few cents a day more. Even from mercenary and political standpoint it would seem that the logical thing for the leaders to do is to first and in some manner satisfy popular demand.

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The self congratulations of our forefathers which was designed to put meat on the tree fish along with other products, was defeated in the senate. Well if we can get ranch eggs at a lesser price we'll try to get along without the ham or bacon.

To the many New Mexicans who have sailed up and down the Pacific coast on the old boat Santa Rosa, a feeling of thankfulness must come that they were not aboard of her last week when she struck on the rocks and sank.

France is having a hot wave, too. With the corn crop destroyed in Kansas and all the other wheat countries the world's supply will be considerably shortened.

Down in the Pecos valley they have so many peaches that they don't know what to do with them. Here is a chance for the paragrapher, but we restrain.

John D. Rockefeller reached his seventy-second birthday Saturday and did not celebrate. John is going it safe and sane and reasonable just now.

Millionaire Stokely can explain how the two girls shot him all right, but what the public cannot understand is what business he had in their apartments.

There was no address of welcome to King George in Dublin. Doubtless the king was secretly glad of it.

John W. Gates is seriously ill. If you don't believe it well "bet y' a million."

The bee that stung that Canadian man in the ear was not a scorpion, so far as we can learn.

That loud noise, dear friend, was not the reception to King George in Ireland.

BARSTOW ENGINES
NOT SO BADLY
DAMAGED

Locomotives Injured in Fire
at California Town Will Not
All Have to Be Heavily
Repaired.

San Bernardino, Calif., July 10.—The stories at the local shops say repairs on damaged sustained at the recent disastrous roundhouse fire are not so heavy damage as was thought at first, and although the men are working 12-hour shifts and have had no Sunday or holidays off since they came in for repairs, that work is being well done over.

The shopmen, however, do not complain of the enforced labor, and all of them put in their full day. The Santa Fe has always been very liberal in the matter of holidays, which the employees appreciate. It is expected, however, that this condition of affairs will be eliminated in the course of a few weeks, as already work on the burned locomotives is assuming definite shape. More than half a dozen of those not seriously damaged will be ready for service by the last of the week, while two or three have already been put into commission.

IS IT A TRAIT?

The Council of the American Educational Association at San Francisco declares that disregard for the law is becoming a characteristic of the American people.

This is laying it rather severely upon mature reflection, however, for average American will doubtless come to the conclusion that the educators are inclined to be slightly hysterical.

There has been enough rotteness uncovered recently to make one posi-

tive about the honesty of some of our foremost citizens, but a correlation of the facts will lead one to believe in one of two things either ex parte for military purposes where in may come out of ten these during the exposing are a little more corrupt or something than those exposed or where the crookedness is confined to a not-reckonable class of our population that has lived and thrived solely by ability to circumvent the law or ignore it altogether. The various traits are an instance in point. The machine streets for the most part were honest and the few who were implicated in the frauds were the exception rather than the rule among those employed in this work. The actual violators of the revenue laws, on the other hand were without exception wealthy Americans and their wives, who possessed fortunes of questionable origin. They were people moneyed who apparently knew no bounds in their thirst for unearned wealth.

But take them of and here it is a question as to the American people if the large percentage of our people if the large percentage there would be anarchy in the land. The verdict of the educators is in the opinion of this writer, a condemnation of present day tendencies to see the dark side of the cloud. It is true that we have too large a per cent of our foremost citizens who have no regard for law, but it is likewise true that we would have no low worth of the name were it not for the fact that the high proportion of our people are honest, law-abiding and God-fearing citizens and in country in the world today can show a better people.

While we are about correcting some of the evils that assail us, it would not be amiss to taking a look in on the educators who are moulding the minds of our children in our schools.

The next amendment to the railroad bills which was designed to put meat on the tree fish along with other products, was defeated in the senate. Well if we can get ranch eggs at a lesser price we'll try to get along without the ham or bacon.

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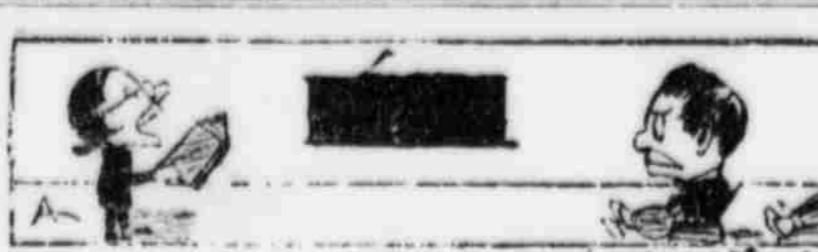
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WHEN IS A JOKE NOT A JOKE?

A judge on a bench and a professor in a school no master what the drawbacks and trials of his situation has yet one privilege rarely accorded other people. That is the privilege of having his funny stories laughted at.

No matter how dry or dull or old the narrative may be, it is simply "up to" his listeners to laugh. Often an important case or a good grade has been lost by failure to observe this rule. The general acceptance of this theory makes it the more remarkable that some of the young men in the University of New Mexico session of summer school, which is now going on the hill, should defy the time-honored custom and refuse to laugh at the witcracks of their masters.

The educator in question, it is alleged on good authority, tells the dryest stories and the blandest. So a companion was forced to squirm him. No one was to laugh even at the signs of a young man on the front row. When he took his handkerchief from his pocket, the laugh could proceed.

So the class assented reluctantly. Pretty soon came the story, and it just happened that one young man did. At least it seemed funny to the class, who had promised not to laugh. The professor was certain that it had missed the point, so he told it again. And again. When class was almost over he made one allusion to his story.

The young man on the front row carefully took from his pocket the handkerchief and wiped his nose. Then laughter continued long through the sterile corridors of the Pueblo university. For these infinites it continued.

"What is the matter?" he shouted at the snort of his voice.

"We just saw the same of that poor professor," said a dear little maid who was supposed to have privileges in the class.

Now the joke was only a joke because it wasn't a joke.

It was about—well, won't the joke of addressing it anyway?

THE MARK UPON THE TAG.

We've seen a fellow walking by in front of us as could be. Wearing clothes as long they flared as far as you could see. And he was mighty stuck of the appearance that he made.

He seemed to think the other sports completely in the shade.

But sometimes he had overlooked in making all this show.

The price tag fluttered out behind the price to plainly show,

And as he strode suddenly it fluttered like a flag.

And all who turned to see him jolted of course observed the tag.

Twelve-fifty. It had cost him, and all his grand display.

Was nothing but a remnant picked up on bargain day.

He thought he fooled the people, an amateur thing to try.

Especially for strutters with empty heads held high.

Seifer's derive a moral from his amusing plight.

—Not blinding honest poverty, for poor folks are all right.

But let's not cut a figure like that of Seifer's wag.

The folks will get on number when they send it on the tag.

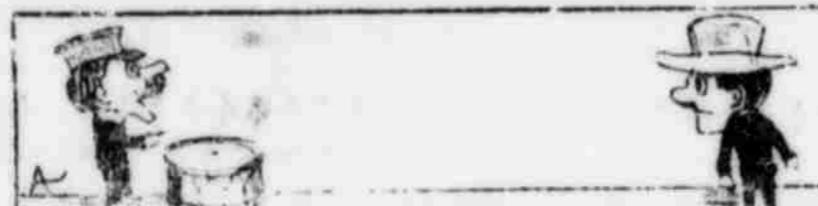
A HARMLESS COMPARISON.

Probably most misunderstandings result from some person being misinformed. Such a misunderstanding almost arose the other evening when a Salvation Army man made a remark not wholly comprehensible to a policeman who happened by.

The speaker said "To quote a minister that I heard preaching one time—this preacher said that one Salvation Army officer did as much good as ten policemen; one Salvation Army man is as good as ten policemen."

A sizeable member of the night police force strolled casually past the spot. He paid no attention until the words, "One Salvation Army man is as good as ten policemen." But this declaration sounded like a personal challenge to him and he turned abruptly to see if the Salvationists really meant to make trouble.

The police scene evoked a storm of laughter from onlookers and the policeman continued on his beat, leaving the earnest worker to save what souls he could.



WHEN IS A JOKE NOT A JOKE?

GENERAL MANAGER FOX AND PARTY HERE TODAY

Officials of the Santa Fe Railroad On Way East After Visiting Pecos and Mesilla Valleys.

Traveling on a special train consisting of five private cars, Fred C. Fox, general manager of the Santa Fe railroad, and several other officials, arrived in Albuquerque at 1 o'clock this afternoon on their way east after spending several days touring the Pecos valley in Eastern New Mexico and the Mesilla valley in the southern part of the territory.

The officials came into the territory via Amarillo, over the Eastern Railway of New Mexico. Stopping in Roswell and in Capitan, visiting the big irrigation project near the latter place. While in the Mesilla valley yesterday afternoon, the party made a run to the Elephant Butte dam, near Las Cruces.

Included in the party are F. C. Fox, general manager; C. L. Seagraves, general colonization agent; F. L. Vancier, editor of "The Earth," a Santa Fe magazine, published in Chicago, devoted to the development of the Southwest; E. F. Summers, superintendent of the Rio Grande division; Prof. J. D. Tinsley, agricultural demonstrator for New Mexico; and Prof. H. M. Braffett, agricultural demonstrator for Texas; and several other transportation executives.

Mr. Fox and party were met at the Santa Fe station this afternoon by a number of Albuquerque men. Having begun his railroad career in New Mexico, Mr. Fox as general manager of the road, still retains an active interest in the territory and has a large personal acquaintance in Albuquerque, Socorro, San Marcial, Las Vegas, and other towns along the line.

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Other than a general inspection trip of conditions in New Mexico and the southwest, Mr. Fox said today that his trip had no special significance.

Editor for Texas; J. M. Kurn, general superintendent; J. Brinkley, general freight and passenger agent of the Pecos valley lines; F. M. Bussey, chief engineer of the western grand division; Trailmaster McArdle, and J. Drury.

Upon arrival in the Albuquerque, the special was stopped opposite the Santa Fe shops and the officials visited the big mechanical plant, being plotted through by Mechanical Superintendent M. J. Drury and Su-

Do you know any Simplesnits?

They are a cross between a HAIR TRUNK and a CELLULOID COLLAR.

We have the laugh upon them. They are still knocking

Glorietta Beer

They acquire their names because they cannot tell the difference between our old brew and the present one.

Don't be a simplesnit, become a live wire and use GLORIETTA BEER to the